Trick or Treat

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Trick or Treat

by DrJLecter

Summary

Will misses his appointment, so naturally Hannibal has to find out why. He stumbles into a surreal story of horror and blood.

Notes

I totally decided yesterday to write something for #ThePumpkinIsPeople and vomited this out in a day. It's not betaed and I apologize for all the awkward german/english grammar and word mix ups still in this.

Also, I have never tried to write something scary or suspenseful before, so I'm sorry in case this failed spectacularly... XD

Hannibal thought his 24 hours cancellation policy was quite reasonable and seeing that Will Graham failed to adhere to it *again* put him into a slightly disgruntled mood.

They were over these petty ways of testing each other after he'd freed Will from prison, or so he'd thought.

Considering the last time Will had missed an appointment was because of an inflamed brain causing him to lose time though, Hannibal saw it as his duty to check on him despite the lack of evidence of the sickness returning. He picked up his phone and dialed the numbers with a deep sigh. Will's cell went immediately to mailbox and his home line was dead.

Hannibal frowned. There had been a storm causing some damage to the phone lines yesterday, but he'd thought they'd been repaired.

It took him less than a moment to decide to get his jacket and leave. Will was always the last appointment of the day, so there wouldn't be any annoyed patients waiting for him in the morning.

Dark clouds hung low in the sky and the night came quick. Soon, there was nothing to be seen around him and his headlights were the only signs of life on the way to Wolf Trap. Rain started to fall heavily on his windshield and Hannibal felt an uncomfortable tension draw tight between his shoulder blades.

He'd put his cellphone on the center console to see any sort of reply from Will immediately, but it stayed dark the whole ride.

By the time he made it to Will's lonely house, he couldn't deny his agitation any longer.

The house was dark and still and nothing moved on the property. He switched off the car and everything fell into deep blackness. The ticking of the engine was the only sound when he opened the door.

The air had a certain burned smell to it and Hannibal tilted his head up to try to find the source. He shut the door carefully to prevent the sound of travelling too far across the wide fields.

He should leave. Will obviously wasn't at home.

Careful steps carried him closer to the house. For a moment the clouds parted to reveal the moon and ghostly white light illuminated the house and its porch.

Hannibal wasn't someone who was easily impressed or even shocked, but the withered remains of a jack-o-lantern appearing right in front of him on the steps to the porch had the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

He went back to his car and opened his trunk to get out a flashlight and two knives. The quiet thud of his closing trunk suddenly seemed far too loud. Something was going on here.

Adrenaline was coursing through his veins now. Hannibal wasn't sure what he was hunting, but he was convinced that he was on a hunt.

He moved carefully back to the house, glancing at the pumpkin with his flashlight. It looked as if it was standing there for weeks now, its face sunken in and burned while the inside was rotting and covered in mold. It looked grotesque.

Hannibal stopped and listened a few steps away from the door. He would have expected to hear the dogs shuffling and whining by now. When Will was away all day they would be hungry and eager to get out of the house at this time of the night. Everything was silent.

He was intrigued. His mind was running countless scenarios of what might be going on. Maybe Will had been delayed in Quantico, or he was on a case somewhere in the USA and somebody else was taking care of his dogs. All of these options ended at the point where he was quite sure that Will would have informed him of his absence. The game they were playing depended on both of them actually playing and not just vanishing without a word.

The beam of his light showed the open door. Hannibal tensed.

He cautiously pushed it open wider, body ready to fight whatever might await him. All of his senses were trained on the inside, a gaping black space lying just beyond the shine of his light. When the scent of blood invaded his nose, he stopped, body locking up with a surprising surge of concern.

He stepped over the threshold and for a moment, he had difficulties to process what exactly he was seeing. The room was sunken into chaos. The bed stood in the middle of the room, the bedding torn and splayed in rags everywhere. Feathers covered half the floor, most of them covered in some black substance.

Blood.

The bright spotlight of his flashlight moved through the room, showing him furniture moved all over the place, shards of a bottle glistening with leftover liquid near the entrance to the kitchen. Someone had wrecked this place and it must have happened at least one or two days ago, the blood a dried crust and leaves from outside everywhere on the floor.

The window in the corner where Will's bed was supposed to be was open and the wet curtains jerked in the cold breeze. He tried the light switch, but as expected nothing happened.

He felt a certain outrage on Will's behalf, seeing the place Will called his home in such a state. Certain that he was alone, Hannibal stepped into the room. He saw that the mattress on Will's bed had been slashed and opened up with what must have been utter rage. Blood was splattered everywhere.

Carefully, Hannibal pushed the feelings of dread and fury away. He needed to be clear headed right now.

He moved through the room, observing the damage and trying to reconstruct what had happened. There was another pumpkin on Will's mantelpiece and it glared at him with a mocking grin full of teeth.

Hannibal left the front room and entered the hallway to the kitchen, walking right into cobwebs. He recoiled with a grimace, wiping at his face to free his eyes.

The strands seemed particularly thick, but before he could dwell on it, he saw a dark lump lying at the end of the hallway. His heart gave a painful thud, before he realized that whatever it was it was too small to be a man.

He took a deep breath to center himself. Will would be fine. He was strong and capable and ruthless if need be. He had everything he needed to survive an attack and to kill the attacker.

Will was not dead.

He pointed his flashlight and frowned as he saw blood and flesh and ripped open fur. A dog. A heavy weight settled in his stomach. Will had lost one of his dogs to whatever had attacked and he hadn't managed to make contact to the outside world so far.

He walked closer with swift steps. The animal was too mangled to recognize which of the dogs it could have been, but size and color of fur indicated it might have been Winston. The carcass looked days old.

He had talked to Will three days ago on the phone. Either it had happened right after or …

A crash from outside had him freeze.

He stepped over the dog and looked through the small window in the door, switching off his flashlight. There was nothing but darkness to be seen at first but then his eyes adjusted and he saw a low red sheen coming from the direction the barn would be in.

He opened the door carefully and stepped outside. A gust of cold wind flapped his coat around his legs and a shiver worked its way up his spine. His pulse was elated and he was reluctant to admit that he was not as calm as he wanted to be. The knife he'd brought from the car was in his hands a moment later.

Hannibal took a deep breath. The burned smell was back and it seemed to come from the dark building ahead of him, getting stronger the closer he got.

His steps crunched on the wet ground, the only sound to be heard besides the wind whipping around his form. The barn door creaked and he saw that the red shine was coming from inside, falling through cracks onto the ground.

He reached the wooden construction and threw a look back to the dark house where everything was still like a graveyard.

He gripped his knife tighter and slowly pushed the creaking door open.

Red light illuminated the large barn in an eerie glow, a fog like smoke crept over the ground and Hannibal wondered if he'd fallen into a dream like state or another universe.

In the middle of the barn, surrounded by torches and candles and open flames stood Will.

At least something that looked like Will.

Hannibal wasn't a superstitious man or someone who believed in the supernatural, but the last minutes had put him into a surreal state of disbelief and wonder.

What appeared to be Will, looked anything but the man he knew.

His skin was pale, deathly so, almost white. His eyes were framed by dark shadows, as if they'd sunken halfway back into his skull, while his eyeballs were completely black. His hair hung down rank and flat, glistening with something liquid. His lips were blood red and red blood was dripping down his chin. Because it was blood. Hannibal could smell it, almost overpowering in its intensity.

Will's clothes were torn, ripped apart and hanging off his form in bloody strips. There was a knife stuck deep in his flesh where his heart should be.

Hannibal swallowed hard, trying to make sense of what he was seeing. With a swift look he took in his surroundings.

"Will?" His voice sounded rough to his ears.

The man pulled his face into a grimacing smile, revealing bloody teeth and another gush of blood left his mouth. His teeth were … fangs? Hannibal frowned.

Suddenly the feral grin turned into something else and Will doubled over, shoulders shaking. Hannibal took a step forward until he heard the sound. Will was laughing.

The sound of Will's laughter stood in stark contrast to everything that had happened tonight and Hannibal felt lost.

"You should … see your ...face!" Will was almost wheezing and when he looked back up, he saw moisture running down his cheeks, smearing what appeared to be black and white paint or makeup.

"Will!"

His laughter started up again and he bent over, hands on his knees as his body was shaking. Hannibal stood frozen to the spot, rewinding the last minutes in his mind and trying to find the clues he obviously had missed. In hindsight, he should have realized that the house, even though in disarray, hadn't been destroyed. Nothing had been broken, just shoved out of place. A mattress and pillows were easy to replace. The cobwebs, too thick and sticky to be real. Everything had been staged.

Hannibal wasn't sure what to make of this.

Will finally calmed down enough to stand and walk towards him. He pulled the knife off his chest, now clearly visible as a prop just attached to his skin. His black eyes must be contact lenses, and Hannibal decided he liked Will's natural swirl of blue and gray better.

There was still a wide smile on his face and Hannibal finally let himself relax. He pocketed his knife and Will's smile turned into a sharp and knowing smirk.

"I would have never thought you'd fall for this."

Hannibal felt a stab of indignation. "It was well staged and executed. Very convincing. I have to congratulate you."

"Yeah, it's amazing what you can find online. Your fault for putting an appointment on fuckin Halloween."

Will was now close enough to tell Hannibal that he was indeed covered in real blood.

"Don't get your hopes up. It's pig. *Normal* pig."

Hannibal couldn't stop his smile then. Will seemed so relaxed and amused and he was teasing Hannibal after pranking him. Teasing him about *human blood*. He wondered if he was currently caught in a dream, walking through his mind Palace without knowing.

"What about the dog?"

"Oh yeah." His face turned wistful. "It's a coyote. He got into a trap and died. I was planning this for a while and thought this might be the cherry on top. My dogs are with a neighbor for the day."

Hannibal could have stood there and stared at this Will Graham forever. Games and mutual murder plots aside, he was convinced more than ever that he wanted to have this man at his side forever. He needed Will to be part of his life, to surprise him day after day with his brilliant mind and apparently morbid humor.

Will's smile fell and morphed into something more serious as if he knew exactly where his thoughts have turned.

He closed the last gap between them and Hannibal froze in shock when cold hands were placed on his cheeks, thumbs stroking the corners of his lips before Will leaned in and pressed his lips to Hannibal's. The scent and taste of blood exploded on his tongue, followed by warm breath and he couldn't help it. He moaned.

Will tilted his head and his hot tongue pushed between his lips, bringing the overwhelming metallic taste of more blood with it. A hand buried in his hair, while the other wrapped around his neck, pressing them closer together until their bodies touched from head to toe, chests rubbing against each other.

Hannibal finally managed to get out of his shocked state and lifted his hands to Will's hips, gripping into the torn fabric, fingers finding cool skin. Will gasped, moist lips spreading and Hannibal used the chance to push his tongue against Will's, pressing back and finding the hot

cavern of his mouth in return. The fangs were sharp points of pressure against his lips and tongue and he realized they were prosthetics.

Will tore himself away and Hannibal almost made a sound at the loss. He opened his eyes and stared at Will and started at what he saw. He'd completely forgotten how Will looked for a moment.

"You gonna help me clean up this whole mess, right? I mean the barn and the house." He sounded breathless and Hannibal struggled to find his voice.

"Of course, Will. Whatever you wish."

"Good." He stepped back and Hannibal's hands fell to his side, still tingling with having felt Will's skin.

Will's face turned into a smirk. He glanced up and down Hannibal's form before he turned around to start extinguishing the torches and candles. Hannibal looked down at himself and saw what Will had been smirking about. His suit was a mess of blood and smears of white color from where Will's body had been pressed against him.

He licked over his lips and tasted blood and the telltale tang of makeup. With the state Will's hands were in, he could only guess how his face and hair must look like now.

Will had marked him. Will had *kissed* him.

Hannibal shivered and the low simmering heat in his guts licked up his spine like flames. Their cat and mouse game had taken a new unexpected turn, changed the rules completely and Hannibal had the distinct feeling that it weren't two cats chasing each other anymore. Will had taken the wheel and now Hannibal sat in the spotlight as the mouse being chased.

He was quite sure he should mind it a lot more than he did, but he found it hard to care as long as Will kept playing with him in this way. Hannibal smiled, slipping out of his ruined coat to help with the clean-up.

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